

FIRST PRIZE-CHRISTMAS PORM.

In Bethlehem a King is born; out on the plain the

And the Brook of Kedron laughs and shouts, as

out the West the wise men ride;

And the glowing star before their sight.

The Eastern Star full bright stands there; from

O, Palestine, dance and be joyful; how cans't thy

On Calvary a cross is reared; what throne is th

"The vail of the temple is rent in twain."

O, Palestine, now weep, now weep, and thy mourn

They take him from the cross by night; they bury

The Jordan rolls a hymn of praise, and sings or

FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS ESSAY.

There is no other anniversary se dear to the

hearts of Christian people as Christmas Day, which commemorates the birth of our dear Savior. On

this day, more than any other of all the year, are

we led to feel the great love of the "One God and

Father of all, who is above all, and through all,

and in all," in giving to his erring children his only

begotten son, that through his life and example

his teachings, and, above all, his sufferings and death, we might all become reconciled to God and become heirs of the glory of His Kingdom. God has ever been mindful to his children, but

celebrate we have a right to be merry on that day.

Dear readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, accept

my congratulations that we live in a land blessed

with a Christian civilization, freedom, and progress

I wish you all a Merry Christmas. Loyally of the Guards—Addie Haring, Westwood, N. J.

SECOND CHRISTMAS POEM.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christ

Now resounding through the hall,

From the low and humble cottage

To the castle grand and tall;

Happy homes are decked in glory

With the mistletoe or pine,

And I know of many children, With their faces wondrous fair,

With the love-light in their dear eyes

And bright ripples in their hair, Who will clasp their hands in wonder,

Dancing 'round the room in glee,

When they view their Christmas tree.

And while sweet, glad bells are ringing

On the blessed, peaceful morning

On this holy Christmastide, Lift the weak and bless the lowly,

"Cast thy bread upon the water,

Twill return e'er many days.

Precious forms from us are severed.

Fail expression from the pen. Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!

Grateful thoughts which swell our bosoms

"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas evening, 1891. Outside, the

snowflakes fell thick and fast; but within the four

walls of Jasper Underwood's cottage all was warn

The family, consisting of the father, mother,

Scattered about the room were many little arti-

It may be well to say that the Underwoods, like

very best of everything. And it will be seen that,

bestowed upon them since the last Christmas day when Bess, the baby, and joy of the entire house

just thinking how good God is to give us such a

"Yes, darling," said papa, as he stooped to lay

his hand on the pretty, golden head, "I was also

thinking of the many blessings bestowed upon us

by God during the past year."
"And I," said Marcia, a handsome girl of 19

years, "have been thinking that one year ago I had not known Charlie. Dear Charlie! I can

And her eyes were gazing fondly on her lovely

engagement-ring.
"And you never would have known him had it

Then Mr. Underwood spoke, musingly: "And

one year ago I had not learned the sad fate of my

brother, Andrew. You remember we never knew

anything definite about his death, but only knew

he went into battle and was never heard of more

But while at the National Reunion, N. T. C. C.

Guards, this year, I met a comrade, a fellow-pris-

oner, who shared with him the horrors of Ander

sonville Prison. He told me of his herolam, his

patience, and his courage; of his Christian resig-

nation and his triumph in death. Oh, would that

"She knows it now," said the wife, softly. "'He

"And my informant, the aged veteran," con-

tinued the father, "seemed to be greatly broken in

we not send him some token, some kindly remem-

"Yes, yes! Send him a year's subscription to

"A timely suggestion," said the father. "I will

"Now, my dear boys," said the fond mother,

"can you relate any blessings you have received?"

benefit. You know how much interest we have

of good books to read at a very small outlay

the fund of knowledge obtained from the mass of

"I'm indeed glad to know that y su can appreciate

these golden opportunities," saic Ars. Underwood;

"and while you have been benefited in this way,

have also. I have had the pleasure of my boys'

company at the family fireside while other moth-

ers' sons have been out upon the street, their moth-

"And, oh, mamma," interrupted Marcia, "what

"And, too, the nice things manama prepares from

wasn't for the Household, wouldn't we be in the

using slang. Does not the C. C. Interdict that?"

My dear boy," said Mrs. Underwood, "you are

"Yes, mamms," blushingly stammered Mare;

"Another point in favor of the C. C. is that we

are thrown into such refined society," said the

father. Then turning to little Bess, who, with her

ing eyelids, was preparing to start on a journey to

lessings we have received?"

dream and, said; "Can our little one think of any

The long fringed lids were lifted. Bess was wide

"I think, papa," she said, with an air of great

wisdom, "the pretty things Sister Marcia has learned to make from the Household to decorate

our rooms, makes ours the very beautifulest home

Then, having given her testimony, the tired head

reclined back into its former resting-place, the blue eyes were again valled by the heavy lids, and Bess

was alceping the trustful, abandoned sleep of child-

rom all the evidence advanced, that we have de-

rived all our benefits from the grand C. C.

Well," continued Mr. Underwood, "it seems

Then, think of its power for good throughou

he length and breadth of this great country of

ours. And the work is only in its infancy. I be-

but, then, you know the boys all use it, and I-I

brance to brighten his lonely hours?"

letters of the C. C. column."

ers know not where.'

more could we ask?

forgot.

in lown.

Mareis," the mother said.

doeth all things well."

act upon it."

scarcely imagine how I lived before I met him.

nice home and such pretty things around us."

a file of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

and four children, were gathered within the cosy

-Allie Wicken, Orleans, Neb.

Many, many miles apart; Some are with the angels singing,

But all join with us in heart;

Making bright the darker side;

Don't forget the poor and needy, Give, and cheer their lonely ways;

While a ray of untold gladness

Galilee each wave.

-A. P. Goff, Cameron Mills, N. Y.

The sun its beams throws out in vain;

him in a new hewn grave.

A dazzling brightness shines around,

The guards fall stricken to the ground

shepherds sleep. Down from the vaulted starry dome,

A crowding throng the angels come,

Their camels journey day and night

dances to the deep.

gladness hide?

for a mighty King?

ing songs now sing!

All regular readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE may be enrolled as Loyal Home Workers free, and to become menthers of the Conversation Club and contributors to the several departments. Contributors will please add to the address on their envelopes "Loyal Home Workers" or "C.C.," to fecilitate the handling of mail.

References required of new members desiring sorrespondence. New members and those old members of the C. C. who have not had their pictures published in the Picture Gallery are requested to forward the same to the Editor. It is necessary that cabinetsized photographs be sent, in order to insure good likenesses. Photograph and sketch must accompany each other, and each picture must have name

and address on the back. The N. T. C. C. Guards is a band of the C. C. organized in Boston Aug. 13, 1890, for mutual benefit and the more practical enforcement of the principles of patriotism and progress to which the C. C. sland pledged.

C. C. SKETCHES.



BERTIR CALKIN. Bertle Calkin, Parsons, Kan., is the daughter of Co. B. 42d Ind. veteran. Born in 1871; has brown hair and graveves. Would like a corresp in every State in the Union, and exchange postal autographs with all.



FRED A. POWELL.

Fred A. Powell, Canton, W. Vs., is a son of L. F. Powell, 6th W. Va. He is five feet seven inches tall, black hair and eyes; weight, 135 pounds; and is by occupation a cigarmaker. He is fond of literature, music, and the fair sex, and would like to correspond with C. C. girls. He is a new-comer among the C. C.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS. Bappy P. ze Winners for Christmas Song

and Story. May Christmas 1892 be a glad and happy day in the households of the Loyal Home Workers one and all!

May all hearths be bright and the festal boards be spread with choicest meats and sweets, and around the family circles may there be bright and happy faces and hearts aglow with kindly thoughts and gentle sympathies.

On Christmus Day let kindness rule and love inspire to generous deeds; and remembering one another, those both far and near, may we all repeat, through the echoing aisles of space, the old, sweet greetings: "Peace on earth,

> Good will toward men!" THE PRIZE WINNERS.

The prize offers for Christmas story, song and sentiment, brought many communications from the ranks of the Loyal Home Workers. in most cases the contributors are those who

have grown up in the C.C., and in whose progress, as shown in their penmanship, composition and general style of communication, the Editor greatly reloices. "Progress" is no misnomer when it is quoted in the C. C. motto, Nor has "Patriotism" been forgotten, as evinced

in the Prize Story and other communications. "Progress and Patriotism" are vital and vitalizing truths among the Loyal Home Workers, and par- the dear old mother could have lived to have ticularly in the ranks of the C. C. and their lines of known the truth!" defense, the C. C. Guards. In offering prizes for Christmas contributions

nothing was said about second prizes, but the principal competing communications are so good | health and very indigent in circumstances. Can as to warrant additional giving at this Christmas season of glad gifts. Gifts will also be sent for Olia Bell Hotham's lovely story of "The Christmas | THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE," chorused the twins, Max Child," and Addie Haring's Christmas essay. And and Marc, two bright lads of 14 years. may all the recipients be as happy in receiving as THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is in giving. In some instances the contributors show excel-

lent talent, but need more practice in rhetoric and composition. In the poetle contributions, especially, more care should be taken. One to write poetry must read the pocuse of the best writers. Intende and so get the measure and rythm. Imperfect rhymes must always be avoided.

In the New Year's number of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE the prize for the best definition of " Patriotism" will be announced. The best definitions will be printed.

Christmas prizes are awarded as follows: CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

prize, Columbian Exposition picture puzgle, M. C. McNettl, Box 128, Corowall, N. Y. ond prize, Worcesier's Packet Dictionory, Georgia A. Martin, 1995 Morton avenue, Louisville,

CHRISTMAS POEMS. First prize, "Cam; fire and Memorial Poems," A. P. Guff, Cameron Mille, N. Y. Second prize, Worcester's Pocket Dictionary, Alice Wicken, Orleans, Neb.

CHRISTMAS SHORT STORY. First prize, "Spy of the Rebellion," Christian Simenson, Holmes City, Minn. Second prize, Worcester's Pocket Dictionary, Carrie M. Brown, Burg Hill, O.

golden head pillowed on his breast and with droop-CHRISTMAN LONG STORY. First prize, G.A.R. souvenir spoon, Mildred Norma Baldwin, Fredericktown, O. Second prize, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE teaspoon Tennie Wier, Armour, S. D. awake now.

MISCELLANEOUS. Prize Children's Story, "Camplire and Memoria Poems," Etta Beil Hotham, Pittsburg, Pa.

Prize Christmas Essuy, Addie Haring, Westwood, N. J.

PRIZES OFFERED.

First, second, and third prizes of books will be offered for the best definition of "A Friend," re-ceived on or before Jan. 15, by Kate B. Sherwood,

FIRST PRIZE-CHIRSTMAS SENTIMENT. Xmas thoughts, perfumed by the incense of gratitude, prompt sympathy divine, noble, unselfish actions, and generous chartry to all.-Miss M.

heve the future holds yet greater possibilities for it. Aready so much has been done to aid the C. McNeill, Box 123, Cornwall, N. Y. SECOND PRIZE-CHRISTMAS PENTIMENT. needy veteran and his family, to console the bersaved, and to comfort the afflicted. Faith, forn of immaculate love, crashed in adver-Now, my dear children, all, let it be your earnes sky, reared in sacrifice, dying in many sions, is a endeavor to de more in the future to aid the progsymbol of the Christ,-Georgia A. Martin, 1605 Morton avenue, Louisville, Ky. your amoition waver, and that o'er another Christ-

shouted the irrepressible Marc.—Mildred Norma Baldwin, Fredericktown, O. SECOND PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was the day before Christmas. The sun rose in a dense fog, as if sullen because through so many centuries it, of all things, should be so entirely neglected in the preparation for the coming holidays. Now and then a waft of wind shook the tiny drops from the buffalo grass, and stirring freffully the skeletons of the Autumn's goldenrod, the thing the skeletons of the Autumn's goldenrod, shook their soft down on the damp earth. Half hid in the dark mist stood a little log house, sodded up, and set solitary in the vast plain. Presently a squaw came to the door and peered out anxiously through the gathering clouds. "It's goin't' blizzard," she said, "fur it allus does "Do you 'spose father 'll get home before it com-mences?" asked Lanet, anxiously.

may Day approaches we can tell of still greater things accomplished."

"Then three times three For the C. C."

this," replied her mother, complacently.

The Agency, where the Indians and squaw-men went once a month toget their provisions from the Government, was 25 miles away. When Lanet's father started out the previous morning, she had reminded him that Christmas was only two days away, and then, with that yearning for the ways of civilization that has ever been the portion of the child born with white blood coursing with and indoctor said, gravely. fluencing the weaker savage, she had asked him what Christmas was for, and what they did where he lived when a boy.

For a moment the man's face grew sad as he thought of the time when he had been innocent

"He won't be apt to start out while it looks like

and happy too, before the wickedness of his ways had made him an exile from his race. But he grew tender again as he gazed at Lanet. She was the one thing in touch with his heart in his savage life. "Never mind, Net." he had said, "I haven't time to tell you now; only, we gave presents, and I'll bring you one when I come back.'

So the days passed, and now, when it was time for him to return, Lanet thought more and more of the day when all the world is giving and receiving. While she and her mother sat down to their simple meal, out on the wild prairies, her thoughts were far away with the Wonderful Child, wondering what it all meant.

Without the fog drew denser; there was a dead caim, then suddenly a swish, a terrible roaring from the north, a blinding cloud of snow, and it seemed as if all the elements had let loose and were learing and rending each other in their fury. Boreas and the Storm King wrestled until the world grew dark, while electricity flashed slyly and silently through it all. All night the storm raged, but when morning came it ceased. Such a change! Huge drifts and fields of cold, white snow where the horned buffalo

grass and the short mesquite had nodded to the whispering breeze. The sun was shining cold and high in the east, as if proue to keep aloof from such a cheerless scene. With a sad heart Lanet took the milking pail and made her way through the snow to the bara. What had been her father's fate, were he out in the awful storm, she dared not consider.

Turning a corner she heard a faint neigh, and there, with great bails of ice on their faces, stood the patient, half-frozen horses her father had

driven. A great faintness came over her when she saw that he was not with them.
"Father, O, father!" she cried, wildly. Climbing this gift of a Saviour was the crowning blessing.

How very appropriate it is that on the anniversary of that glad and glorious day that ushered in the Gospel dispensation we should celebrate the up a great drift to get a better view, her eyes fel upon something below. Her father! with the wind blowing the loose scar! event with gifts, accompanied with messages of love, good wishes, and kindly remembrance. We always speak of this day as "Merry Christmas," and certainly if we believe in Him whose birth we around his rigid face and ice frozen in his matted

"Dearest father, you can't be dead," she sobbed, clasping her arms about him and kissing the icy Distracted by her great grief, she heeded not that the wind had blown the loose shawl from her shoulders, felt not the chill of the ficros wind. He was all she had, all she had ever known, and now he was dead, and she laid her warm cheek against his cold one and prayed to go wherever she might

Clasped in his hand was the present he had promised her, a beautiful Bible. She opened it where the leaves were parted by fingers. "They shall not hunger nor thirst, for He that bath mercy on them shall lead them; even by the springs of water shall He guide She sobbed as she finished the words of promise and clasped the book again in her hand.

"For He that hath mercy upon them, shall lead them.' Then lead me to him," and ber dark hair mingled with her sire's lighter locks, to be tossed together for many a day.

Far across the prairies the bells might peal joyously of life and good cheer, of peace on earth and a merry Christmas-tide, but it mattered not to Lanet. With her Christmas present clasped in her hand, "He that hath mercy" upon us all had led her to her father, and to enjoy forever the presence of that One great Gift to all mankind,-Tennie Wier, Armour, S. D.

FIRST-PRIZE SHORT STORY. It was Christmas, 1776. Our country did not know peace and prosperity then. It was the scene of a terrible, bloody, ruthless war. Discouragement and disaffection reigned everywhere. Gen. Washington alone stood undaunted. It was at such times, when others gave up in despair, that his real greatness was seen. He resolved to cross the Delaware on Christmas Day and attack the enemy at Trenton before daylight the next morning. The troops began to cross the river at sunset It was a dark, cold, tempestuous night, and the passage was dangerous and difficult. Four o'clock in the morning they began to march. The storm had increased by this time. Snow and hall blew in the faces of the soldlers, were insufficiently clothed; their shoes old and worn; their feet sore and bleeding. The men soon discovered that the fuses of the bast muskets were wet, and could not be discharged. Washington told them to "use the bayonet and penetrate into the town." Trenton was taken, and the news of

the victory inspired the Americans with new sitting-room, which gave more evidence of taste courage. The capture of Trenton was the beginning o America's greatness. Our country is mighty and cles of household decoration, showing the deft work of a woman's hand, while upon the table lay prosperous, and we owe it all to Washington and his brave soldiers. They gave us a priceless Christmas present-Liberty.-Christian Simenson, Holmes City, Minn. all other persons, had been visited by joys and

sorrows during the past year, but it was their custom to look on the bright side, and to make the It was the day before Christmas, and as a tired, sad-looking woman walked past the gay sliop as they sat there, they were silently acknowledging to God their sincere thanks for the many blessings her heart was far from being in keeping with them. As she gazed upon the happy, childish faces passing to and fro, a vision of her own family arose hold, broke the stillness by saying: "Papa, I was

To-morrow would be Christmas, and while thers would be feasting, her children would be auffering for bread; toil as she might from dawn till dark, she could not keep the wolf from the door. She could recall huppier Christmas Eves. There had been a time when she had a pleasant home and a kind, loving husband, but death stepped in one day and took him, and thus she found herself a penniless widow with four small children to support, the oldest boy a cripple. Her husband had been one of the brave boys who gave the best part of his life for his country's fense. And as she climbed the rickety stairs on not been for the Conversation Club; think of that,

this bleak December day, she could not but think how lightly the country's defenders were re At the sound of her step on the landing the door flew open, and several childish voices eried, "O. mamma, do hurry and see what we've got! While you were gone some lovely ladies came here and left this basket. They said we were to tell you it was because our papa wore the blue long years ago. Just see the good things!" It seemed that there was no end to that basket

There were pies, cakes, and a nice fat turkey; warm mittens, shoes, etc.; it seemed that there was nothing lacking.

As soon as the mother could recover from her astonishment she cried, as the tears of thankfulness coursed down her cheeks; "God bless the Woman's Relief Corps, for this is some of their work."-Carrie M. Brown, Burg Hill, O. PRIZE CHILDREN'S STORY.

It was a pretty picture that gladdened Miles Bouvier's eyes that Winter evening-a picture that greeted him at the close of every day, yet one that he never tired of-his wife and children in the little alcove at the end of the big old-fashioned hall. There a red fire leaned in the wide-mouthed fireplace, easting a rosy light over them, and in watching them Miles forgot to read his newspaper. "Yes, mamma," spoke out Max, joyfully. "The | Sometimes he joined in their talks; oftener he sat weekly visits of The National Trisune to our and listened with a keen enjoyment that is only home have been to brother Mare and I a lasting | born of love.

This was the children's hour-the hour most early prized of all the 24. This was the time when cherished plans were unfolded, childish through the C. C. Circulating Library, as well as | wrongs confessed, and all their wants poured into mother's ear. Mother sat in her low rocking-chair, her children

all about her; Bert with his hand on the back of her chair; Bob and Tom lay at her feet, lovingly clasped in each other's arms; Fred sat embracing his knees affectionately; Boss, aged three, was on her lap, while little Christopher knelt beside her, his arm resting on her knee, and a far-off look in his eyes. Why he was always mentioned last none could say, for he came next to Bert. He was a fair, frail child, and hardly ever joined his brothers in their rougher sports, but clung to his mother's side "like a girl," the twins said. They were fair, the Household recipes abould be mentioned," said too, but with a rugged fairness. He was a Christ-mas child, and had been named for the good hearty, growing Mare, who, we are reluctant to confess, had a very voracious appetite. "If it St. Christopher; and the story he liked best to hear was the legend of St. Christopher and the Christ-child. He was a dreamy child, with "unchildlike notions, one sure to grow up a dreamer,'

This evening they were telling what they wished for Christmas—caps with feathers in them, drums and swords, and all things that delight the hearts of small and war-like boys; and Bess wanted "Santa" to bring her a dolly "wif b'ue eyes an' w'ite inris." "And what does my Christmas boy wish, that he is thinking so deeply about it?" mamma asked

laying her hand on his head. Little Christopher blushed and raised his blue 'It isn't wrong, is it, mamma?" be whispered, but just now I was wishing that I could see the Christ-child that St. Christoper carried across the

bridgeless river." The boys forgot to laugh, and in the silence mamma bent over him.
"My boy may see him in his thoughts," she sweetly said. "But we must not grow too dreamy, my dear. And now, my birds, it's quite time you were in your nests, I think. But after they were in bed she looked anxious.

"Christopher dreams too much," she told her "We will have a poet or a philosopher on our hands some day," he replied, "But don't worry, Kitty. He'll outgrow his dreaminess and become more like the others after awhile." Christmas Eve came, and the children had almost forgotten Christopher's wish. Indeed, they

"He's a dear old chap, if he is queer," said Bert.
"He'll never make a soldier, though," said Tom,

"Never!"
"You don't know anything about it," answered
Bert. "A blusterer doesn't make a soldier."
"Who's squelched has 2." chirped Freds and in
truth the twins did look downess at Bert's re-

So Christmas Eve came, and found them full of blissful anticipations for what the morrow was to bring. The children in the big hall were having a "high time," as Fred said. Papa and mamma, entertaining some friends, smiled as their children's gleeful shouts reached their. But all at once these were changed to shricks of fright, and someone screamed that dread word-"Fire!" It took but a moment to reach them, but a glance to tell that something dreadful had happened.

"Oh, mamma! our Bess and Christopher," sobbed Fred, "They're burned all'up." There was no time for explanation then. The two children were carried to their rooms and the doctor summoned. Bess was not seriously burned, but when he came to Christopher he shook his

"Poor little hero," he anid. For by this time the whole story had been told.
Little Bees, in her efforts to see whether Old Kris
were coming down the chimney, had gone too
near the fire, and in a moment her dress was ablaze; and Christopher, forgetting self, had tried to smother out the flames. He had been success-"We can do nothing but try to ease his pain," the

They went about silently. Once only did con-

sciousness return. He looked up into his mother's

eyes, and something like a smile banished all traces of pain from his face. "Mamma," was all he said, as he tried to put one poor burned hand in hers. When morning came all suffering was over. As his mother closed the dear blue eyes that were to open no more on earth, the bells of the big church around the corner rang out a joyous peal, and the sound brought tears to her eyes. It was Christmas morning, but her Christmas child was sleeping.—Olla-Bell H. Hotham, 133

Pearl St., Pittsburg, Pa.

BOYS' PRIZE LUNCHES. C. C. Recruits Describe Their Favorite

School Fare. For the best account of a boy's lunch, written by himself, penmanship, composition and general style considered, prizes have been awarded as enumerated below. The letters of the competitors are given just as they were written. FIRST PRIZE LUNCH.

A C. C. badge has been awarded the boy who wrote the following account: BELOIT, KAN., Nov. 16, 1892. DEAR EDITOR: My favorite lunch consists of bread and butter with jelly; a piece of beef or chicken, with celery; a piece of cake, and a big red apple or orange; nicely put up in a basket. I am nine years old, and go to school at Beloit, two miles away from home. I am in the 4 B class.
—Willie F. Hicks, Beloit, Kan., P. O. Box 537.

SECOND PRIZE LUNCH. The second prize, "Our Nation's War Songs," has been awarded for the following: VINCENNES, IND., NOV. 8, 1892. After seeing your request in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for a country boy's lunch, I thought I would write. I am a little boy, living in the country, four miles from Vincennes. I will be Il years old next March. I go to school in the country, and take my lunch. My favorite lunch is light bread; fresh meat, lean; fried eggs, butter, sweet potato, and a piece of apple pie. I take it in a small bucket

Yours, truly, OSCAR MCCORMICK, Vincennes, Ind. THIRD PRIZE LUNCH.

The third prize, "Grand Army Song Book," is SHARON SPRINGS, Nov. 6, 1892.

DEAR SIR: I saw in your paper some prizes given or the best lunch sent to your office. I am a country oy; I am 10 years old. My lunch is an followed.

How the Princes of the Royal Family mother, and no one else, during breakfast. He awarded the following:

boy; I am 10 years old. My lunch is as follows: One ham sandwich, two hard-boiled eggs, two pickles, small glass of jelly, apple pie, two doughnuts. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain yours, truly, CHARLES S. MERENESS, Sharon Springs, Schoharie County, N. Y. BOUND TO WIN.

Here is a boy who is bound to win a prize one of these days. He has get the pluck, and composes well. He must learn to use commas and periods and use pen and ink instead of lead pencil when he writes a letter. The editor would like to help this boy with his traps, as well as with his letters. Mr. EDITOR: I SAW IN THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

your wish to know the best funch for a country boy. I shall have to tell you what I have to do first. I go one mile to my traps every morning, milk one cow, go to school one mile and threefourths. Now, when I tell you what I cat don't think I am a giutton, What I like best is four slices of bread and butter, a good slice of venison, pickle, half section of mince pie, two fried cakes, piece of jelly cake, three apples, piece of cheese, gooseberry am. I live in northern Mieligan, am 12 years old, LUTIE ROOT, Clare, Clare County, Mich.

LUNCH LETTERS WORTH MENTION.

Rio, Wis., Nov. 6, 1892. I am a country boy, hine years old. My school lunch consists of good rye bread and butter, a boiled egg, and sometimes fruit. PERCIE STEVENS.

HILL CITY, KAN., Nov. 10, 1892.

DEAR SIR: I am a little boy, 19 years old, I herein give you a description of my country school I have bread and sorghum melasses, and some fat pork, and once in a while I have a piece of wild-grape pie; and that is all. I remain, as ever, yours truly. BERT ELLSWORTH.

SMICKSBURG, PA., Oct. 31, 1892. EDITOR LOYAL HOME WORKERS' DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL TRIBUNE: My favorite lunch is two of three sandwiches with cold sausage and a piece of custard pie; bread spread with apple jelly, and a piece of cold chicken. A. J. KIEKPATRICK.

HAY CREEK, MINN., Nov. 21, 1892.

DEAR SIE: I read your paper, THE NATIONAL TRIBUSE, and you said you would like to know what a country boy likes for his school-lunch. I like for my lunch grape jelly, bread and butter, slice of jelly, and a piece of nice roast chicken. Yours, truly. EARL HENNINGS.

FROM A COUNTRY BOY.

BEAR CREEK, WIS., Nov. 7, 1892. My favorite lunch is nice bread and fresh butter, and a nice piece of beefsteak, and a nice boiled egg with a little salt; and in Summer I like a nice cup of strawberries with cream and sugar, and a nice rosy-cheeked apple. It is put in a tin pail for my school-lunch. I am 11 years old.

JAMES BESAW. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When my mother gives me a lunch for school, this is what she sometimes gives me: A piece of two kinds of breadgraham and wheat—both spread with butter; a small piece of cold boiled beef, a piece of cake or a couple of cookies, whichever ma has baked; then she puts some sauce in a small cup, and then she will put it all in a little tin pail or a little basket, and cover it all over with a napkin, and then I go off to school. When it comes noon I eat my lunch, My age is 11 years; my name is Edward Mason, Leland, Mich.

CONVERSATION CLUB. OUR ROLL CALL.

[The letters v.s. mean veteran's son, v.d. veteran's daughter and v.w. veteran's widow; members of associations will be marked S.V. and D.V.1 Nellie M. Lincoln, v.d., Grace E. Lincoln, v.d., West Rutland, Vt.; F. H. Long, v.s., Spencerburg, Mo.; Birten M. Grafmuiler, v.s., New Washington, O.; Sadie L. Adams, v.d., Ethel M. Davis, v.d., Mary F. Tracy, Aversville, O.; Anna Van Wie, Box 873, Canajoharie, N. Y.; Irvin Stall, v.s., Claremont, Va.; Anna Delvin, v.d., Fredonia, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A. Putnam, Fredonia, N. Y.; Nettie Bright-man, Granger, Minu.; Ethel Parsons, v.d., Elis-worth, Me.; Bertha Kilden, v.d., Box 92, North Loup, Neb.: Mr. and Mrs. A. Loveland Hebron. N. Y.; Minnie M. Burto, Belsena Mills, Pa.; Grace V. Beck, Sylvis, Pa.; G. W. Kendrick, v. Co. D. 10th M. L. M., Albany Ore.; Geo. Herrick, S. of V. Platen, Pa. Total, 13,868.

TRIBUNE EXCHANGE-WANTED. [THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Exchange will be devoted solely to the exchange of souvenirs. Anyadvertising department.

To exchange: Letters: references exchanged .-Belle Bowman, Carbondale, Ill. Letters; references exchanged.—J. Bernette H. Woodward, Milton, Iowa. Prize for prettiest curio.-Mrs. Nors. M. McNeil, Bridgeton, Pa. Friendship ribbon on Scripture card for autograph-quilt block.—Mrs. L. A. Scoville, Prize for the prettiest postal on friendship ribbon. Carrie D. Mansfield, Saugus, Mass. Photograph of the "James Boys" for best letter or autograph.—C. E. Mills, Ordek, Mo. Photograph for prettiest autograph. T. S. Adams, Big Plain, O. Letters with C. C.'s in Lake County, California, -L. Virgii Hatch, Box 18, Oleander, Cal. Photo graph for best autograph. Minta Lary, Mingo, O. Curios and postals. Flora M. Burlison, New Centerville, Wis.

Annie L. Williams for prettiest autograph.

your comrades.

Wanted : C. C.'s to write Louise Riffart, Tidicute, Pa., who is ill.—Loui M. Stockton, 1601 Christian street, Philadelphia, Pa. Emmett Woods, Orrick, Mo. A penny for C. C. watch.—Sadie Ross, Monihim a great man as an Emperor. teau, Pa. A postal from every C. C. stating their position regarding woman's suffrage; also, exchange autographs and stemp photographs—W.
F. Volz, Commander, Kansas Guards, Reading,
Kan. C. C. to know that my address is Olive L.
Young, Ramelton, Ind. Postal autographs: Bertha Schupp, Hiawatha, Kan, Jesse M. Case, Box 697, Fredonia, N. Y. Ida Gilbert, Angola, Kan. James A. Van Duyn, Bon-accord, Kan. Eda Perry, Ellendale, N. D. Mattie E. Young, Railroad, Pa. Florence V. Beck, Sylvis, Pa. Eva V. Seal, Drakestown, N. J. Wm. C. Brown, Central City, Ky.; also, letters. Gertie B. Titus, South Strafford, Vt.; also, letters, Prizes awarded: Frank McNell, Columbus, O., play are regular. o Edella G. Parsons, for best autograph and stamp

He has a lot of tin soldiers dressed up like the photograph. Kate E. Haud, Everest, Kan., to Agnes Ashville, for best letter. J. Ross Brown to Leonors A. Rivers, Bristol, VL, for prettiest autodifferent armies of Europe, and he plays battles of nations in the nursery. During the last graph, and Agnes Ashville, Delaware, O., for most year or so he has been made an officer in the comic. Willie S. Hodge, New Centerville, Wis., to Prussian army, and he rides with his papa out to see the troops, and when he meets the Emperor he salutes him in true military style. The Have you done your duty in getting one more Emperor is very particular that he should do subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? this, and he makes him act just like a soldier You should do this, for it is the best way to help

while he is in uniform. The Crown Prince is full of fun, but he is a



## CHRISTMAS.

will Spend the Holidays.

Was Santa Claus Born in Germany?--The Emperor Training His Children-His Plays as a Boy-The Little Crown Prince-Daily Life of One of a Great Family.

Special Correspondence THE NATIONAL TRIBUNA. BERLIN, GERMANY, Dec. 17, 1892.



WANT to send a Christ mas letter from Berlin to the little boys and girls of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. There are no people in the world who think more of Christmas than the Germans, and the stores of this great city of Berlin are filled with

toys and games, and everyone in the city seems to be buying Christmas presents. I find that Sants Claus has traveled through this country every year during the past, just as he travels through America. When I read some of the fairy stories that have been written by Germans, I wonder if he was not born here. Grimm's Fairy Tales were written by two brothers, who were Germans, and the stories of the Sleeping Beauty, who was waked by the Prince; of the Six Swans which the old witch made of the King's sons, and of the Shoes, which were danced to pieces, were first written for German children.

Hans Christian Andersen, though he was Dane and lived not far from here, wrote largely for the Germans, and his books were published in German before they were printed in Euglish. It was he who gave us the story of the Little Tin Soldier, of the Ugly Duckling, and the Princess on the Pea. Some of the best stories for the children of to day are written by the Germans, and on Christmas, the day when I hope you will read this letter, every little boy and girl in Germany will be standing around a Christmas tree, and the most of them will be singing Christmas songs. Even the poorest of the people have Christmas trees here. If they have not enough money to buy large ones, they will put up a small branch for Santa Claus to hang his toys upon.

Even the Emperor will celebrate Christmas and I heard something to-day about the beautiful Christmas trees which he has every year in his big palace. These trees are fastened upon a table, and they are just covered with candles, and among their branches hang candies and dolls and toys. Last Christmas the little Crown Prince, who will be ruler of the whole German nation some day, got a sword and hobbyhorse for his Christmas present, and his brother received a suit of military clothes, and strutted around with a sword at his side. The other two children and the little baby received numbers of presents, and in the picture which I give of the scene about the tree, you will note the Emperor taking down a horn from

the branches to give it to the baby. This Emperor, who thus is holding his little baby in his arms just as your papa holds you, is one of the greatest men in the world. He has a great country under him which contains many, many millions of people, and if he opens his mouth and gives the order a million of soldiers would rise up and go to war for him. With one word he could plunge Europe in seas of blood, but he is too good a man and too great a man to do this, and he loves his children just as much as your papa loves you, and I doubt not the same lips which have commanded this vast army were put to the end of that horn in the picture and a tune was played by him for his little baby.

There are many curious things about this Breisgan. This is observed on the birthday of royal family of Germany. The Emperor, you | the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, and conknow, is still a young man, and his wife is a sists of a foolhardy trip to the topmost part of peautiful lady. They have hundreds of ser- | the tower of the minster. It is a dangerous vants, but they like to the care of their babies enterprise, for the tower is 400 feet high, and themselves, and they give their personal atten- | the ascent is made from the exterior of the tion to them and their education. It is a rule in the family that all of the boys must learn a have to leap from stone to stone, often a yard trade, and when I was in the Palace of Babels- apart, and one false step on the narrow legdes burg the other day I saw some chairs which

the Emperor's father had made. The Emperor himself liked to play very much when he was a boy, and he was fond of cricket, and he liked to play at pretending that he was an Indian, and he and his companions had a little Buffalo Bill show of their own. on the occasion of the 66th birthday of the is a sterling remedy for liver complaint, constipa-He was fond of hide-and-seek, and he early learned to sail a boat. He has now a big ship | the ascent. One of them on arriving at a proor vacht of his own, and he is fond of hunting and of games. He works very hard, and the study that he did, when he was a boy, made

His children have to work just as hard as though their father was not the Emperor. They have no more candy or sweets to eat than you have, and their lives are, I venture, not much happier than yours. The Emperor makes his boys act like little soldiers. They get out of bed as soon as the sun rises, and the moment their eyes open he expects them to get up. They have to go to bed at 7 o'clock every evening, and they have a military tutor who reads prayers to them every morning in their own bed-room, and their hours of work, study and

The little Crown Prince is a born soldier,

dignified little fellow, and he knows that he will be the Emperor of Germany some day if he lives. He has been told by his father that there must never be any difference between him and his brothers, and his father does not make any distinction.

All of the children of the Emperor are boys, and they are all very fond of their papa. They est their breakfast with him, and when they is very careful as to what they eat, and though bushels upon bushels of presents are sent to them every Christmas, he allows them to have only a few of them, for he does not believe in letting them be spoiled in this way.

They are taught to consider themselves no better than other children, and both their father and their mother, the Emperor and the Empress, tell them again and again that their only hope of leading happy lives is in being good boys, and that if they are wicked their condition can do nothing to make them happy. They are taught to try to make other people happy, and they will send out many Christmas presents to the poor people of Berlin this year, and at the Imperial Palace the Christmas tree will be so arranged that a number of boys and girls of the city who wish to call can see it. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

"Little Phil." a flash and flame were his rides, A slash and smash of flerce contending tides, A rush and roar, as with a mighty strain He floods the field and flushes all the plain With strong and staiwart troops, held well in

He strikes to save our country's flag and land. And scatters foes as chaff before the blast,

'Till war-clouds spent their fires in peace to last. Confederate armed hosts, in wrathful might, Contested hell's gloom 'gainst the heaven's light And failed; but now by them 'tis unders ood The failure was by far their greatest good, The war a blessing, by the world discerned, To each and all the parties e'er concerned.

His Tumultuous Bosom. Detroit Free Press. He had loved her long and tenderly.

And she-well, she leaned over his way perceptibly, but she never mentioned the fact. He had a speaking notion she did, but he wasn't sure enough to put it to the test, so he had postponed the crucial moment. However, a man can't dilly-dally always. One reason being that a man nowadays

doesn't live always. Another being that a girl won't have it because men are not so scarce as matrimonial alarmists try to make out.

Be that as it may, he had, after many doubts and fears, concluded to spring the pop on the young woman, and at their next trysting he sprung it.

"Dearest," he said, in the tender light of the turned-down gas, "will you marry me?" "I cannot," she said briefly.

His heart beat fast a moment, and then stopped suddenly, and as suddenly spurted

It was, indeed, the crucial moment.

His lips quivered. "And why can't you?" he murmured, O, so Her face shone with the ineffable light of the angels. "Because, dear," she murmured softly, "I am neither a minister of the gospel nor a Justice

And he clasped her to his tumultuous bosom. Correspondence Solicited.

Miss Lilla Murphy, Montgomery, Ind., desires to correspond with a gentleman of means, with a view to matrimony. She is 32 years of age, and prefers a soldier, or a soldier's son, between the age of 25 and 45. He must be religiously inclined, and have good references.

A Queer Custom. [London News.]

building. The steeple jacks in their ascent would be death. At the topmost pinnacle pistol-shots announce that the climbers have speceeded. Then an immense gilded star revolves | nervous when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will and the descent is begun. Each man receives rescue from that wretched condition? It invigoras a reward the sum of five marks from the State and a sumptuous dinner. The other day, renewed digestion and assimilation. Moreover, is Grand Duke of Baden, three men undertook tion, rheumatism, and an impoverished condition jecting bar of iron balf way up went through an acrobatic performance. This was before an immense crowd of astonished spectators. He twisted and twirled about as if he were but within a few feet of the earth.

1.000,000 Tired-Out People

are thinking to-day that all they need to make them feel well is "a little rest." It is true that the rest cure is often the best cure, but it is also true that a great many people cannot afford to rest indefinitely. Worse still, the very knowledge that they cannot afford it seriously interferes with the best use of the rest they have. Too often going to the doctor means that the patient shall stop she while cares, duties and expenses keep right on. It is highly desirable, then, that some treatment be ound for this numerous class-something that will either interfere with their business or pleasure. In this respect nothing in the world can compare with Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen. For more than twenty years this well-known agent has made multitudes of run-down, over-worked, nervous and sick people as good as new, and that ight at their own homes and occupations. From the 60,000 cases which they have carefully recorded they can give you incontestible proof, doubtless in your own neighborhood. If in need of better eaith write them. That is better than "raisbow" chasing" after rest which never comes. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia; or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS. Replies to Questions on a Variety of Interesting

170 Correspondents.-Write questions on a separate sheet of paper, give full name and address, and mark it "Correspondents' Column." Noatten-tion will be paid to communications that are not accompanied with full name and address of writer. Our readers are requested to inclose a stamp for reply to their inquiries. Postal cards will be replied to by mail only. Replies by mail will ordinarily be made within a week, and if in this column within three weeks. 1

S. H. H., Harrisburg, Pa.-1. A soldier's claim pending under the late law (June 27, 1890), and he in the meantime having died, when pension is granted can the widow receive the check and have is cashed in bank the same as legal claimant could have done had he been alive, according to existing laws? 2. Which is preferable to the widow, to make application immediately after the death of the soldier claimant, or delay it until her deceased husband's pension is allowed? 3. There is a pension law in existence, I understand, in reference to executors and administrators receiving pension papers and putting them in force, and we are not fully cognizant of its import, for the collection and settlement in a testator's estate. In what papers have they exclusive jurisdiction granted by the pension laws? Can they touch vouchers, checks, etc.; in short, how does the law read, and when did it become such? Answer, 1. The widow is entitle to the accrued pension, and the check in payment of such pension as may be due him will issue to her in her name. 2. She should make application for pension immediately after her husband's death. 3. You no doubt refer to the act of March 1, 1899, which provides that in case of the death of an invalid pensioner after check in payment of his pension due has been mailed to him, the check shall be paid to the widow, and in case there is no widow to the surviving minor children or guardian thereof; and in case of a widow to her minor children. The act also provides that where an invalid pensioner dies before payment to him of his pension, and in case he left no widow or minor children surviving him, the amount due to the date of the pensioner's death may, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, he paid to the legal representatives of the deceased pensioner.

W. R. B. Jacksonport, Wis.-1. What is the rea-

son that all old claims for increase are dropped and not taken up in their proper turn? 2. How is is that there are no more certificates issued now than there were under Commissioner Black each week?

3. A pensioner applied for increase in 1889, and was ordered to be examined by a private doctor, and to get two neighbors to testify to his disability. About tine months after, then again the same examination two years after the first examination. Then on Jan. 18, 1892, he was ordered before the U.S. Roard of Surgeons. He has not heard from his claim since. How much longer do you think he will have to wait before he hears from it? Answer. 1. They are not being "dropped," but are awaiting their turn for action. 2. There have been and are now being issued more than four times, daily, weekly, and monthly, more certificates under Commissioner Raum than were issued under Commis-sioner Black. Under the latter the number of perifficates averaged about 31,000 annually; under Raum they have averaged nearly 129,000 annually.

3. We cannot my when the claim will be taken up for action. He should call it up in the Pension Burean and ask its condition.

L. C., St. Louis, Mo.—Some pension attorneys are claiming that there is \$100 due old soldiers (bounty) who enlisted in 1864. Is it so? Answer. It is not so. There may be an individual case where a bounty is due, but to determine that question all the facts regarding dates of enlistment and discharge, period of enlistment, cause of discharge, amount of bounty received, and when paid, etc. should be given. There has been no new bounty

W. G. B., Philadelphia.—1. Can a pensioner from this country drawing pension in Europe make ap-plication for increase while there? 2 Are there any Examining Surgeons there? Answer. 1. Yes.

A. H. A., Penn Yan, N. Y .- If a man owns and has the entire income of 20 acres of land, is he entitled to a parent's dependent pension? Answer. That depends upon the value of the land and the income therefrom.

J. G. C., New Haven, Conn.-What redress has a soldier who enlisted Aug. 8, 1862 for three years and was discharged March 3, 1803, on "Surgeon's certificate of disability," and his record in the War

Department is discharged for rheumatism contracted prior to enlistment, and upon application to War Department petitions for change of record, filing the statement of two neighbors who knew him for six and 11 years prior to enlistment that he never was sick or troubled with rheumatism till he contracted it while in the service, and the War Department refuses to change his record? Answer. None. The War Department cannot change a record made at a time when the events occurred years ago, no matter what testimony is F. G., Eddyville, Iowa. - When a soldier's increase

claim is rejected on the ground that the rate of pension was fully commensurate with the then existing degree of disability from pensioned cause as shown by the evidence on file, and the soldier asks for a new hearing on the case, and furnishes the doctor's affidavits who have carefully made an examination of him, which positively shows that he is only drawing one-half what he is entitled to under the law, what will the Pension Department do with the case? Answer. Probably order him for another examination before Board of Surgeons in order to determine whether the medical testimony submitted is in accordance with the facts.

O. W. C., Lanesboro, Pa.—Will you please tell me if pension money deposited in bank is subject to taxation? Answer. It is just the same as any other

J. T. J., Benton, Ill.-What class of soldiers' widows are not entitled to pension? A soldier died in this County a short time ago, and it is said that his widow is not entitled to pension, on account of the date of marriage. How is this? Answer. The only provision in the pension laws whereby a widow of a soldier is debarred from pension is where she married the soldier after June 27, 1890, and she applies for pension under the act of said date. Under the old law she is not debarred from pension by reason of her marriage at any date,
R. M. S., Reed, Incl.—1. A soldier applies for pension under old law and before completing his ease changes and applies under the law of June 27, 1890, under which his pension is allowed. Can be go on and complete his case under the old law and get his back pay from the time he first applied up o the time he applied under the new law by furnishing the evidence to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Pensions, or does his application under the new law stop the old case? 2. If a soldier has completed his case under the old law and his pension is allowed, but he does not get what he thinks he is entitled to under the act of June 27, 1899, and applies under it and it is allowed, now should his ensionable disabilities so increase that under the old law he would be entitled to more than \$12, can he again change back to the old law and be increased to what he shows himself entitled to, or does the first change from the old to the new for-ever estop him? Answer. 1. He can go on and complete his case under the old law and receive the pension found due thereunder just the same at if he had not applied for pension under the new law. There is nothing in either law which conflicts or interferes with one or the other. 2. He can go back to the old law and be increased there-

I. H. L., Buck Creek, Ill .- 1. Where a soldier is drawing a pension and applies for an increase on old disability, and the Examining Board's report is not favorable for an increase, will his claim simply be rejected, without another examination?

2. If the Board reports him a stout, healthy man, will he be dropped from the rolls, or what would be the result of such a report? Answer. 1. Yes, usually. 2. He would probably be dropped from the rolls if the Pension Bureau is satisfied that such

report is correct. N. J. N., Honda, Colombia, South America, -1. Has there been any change in the rate for loss of one eye, or the sight of same, within the past three years; and if so, what? 2. In case of any increase in the rating, how should a pensioner proceed in order to obtain the addition? 3. In case a pensioner drawing under the old law should apply under the act of June 27, 1890, for loss of sight of right eye, what would be the probable allowance under that law for the disability mentioned? 4. What is the present rate under the old law for loss of sight of one eye? 5. Which in your opinion would be best for a pensioner with above-mentioned disability; remain under the old law, or apply under the act of June 27, 1890? Answer. 1. Under an office ruling made Dec. 4. 1891, the rate was changed from \$8 per month for loss of sight of one eye to \$12 per month. For A mediæval custom prevails in Freiberg, in loss of an eye the rate temains the same as before, viz., \$17 per month. 2. Apply to the Commissioner of Pensions. 8. \$12 per month. 4. \$12 per month, the same as under the new law. 5. Either law will give him the same, but it is preferable for him to apply under the old law if he is pensioned thereunder for the disability mentioned, because the increased rate will date back to Dec. 4, 1891, and he would be in line for further increase in case

disability increased.

People Who Make a Noise Are the abhorrence of the nervous. But why be ates the nervous system through the medium of

of the blood.

An Old Chestnut. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: If a hole be dug through the earth and a ball dropped in it, will the ball stop at the center of the earth?

-EDNA P. NEWMAN, Judsonia, Ark. [When the ball was first dropped into the hole, the momentum it would acquire in falling would carry it far past the center of the earth. It would then fall back a considerable distance, and after a number of similar oscillations, each shorter than the other, would finally come to rest exactly in the center. The attraction of gravitation is in direct ratio to the earth's mass, and consequently it is greatest at the point nearest to where the mass is greatest-that is, the center.- EDITOR NA-

TIONAL TRIBUNE.] B. & O. Christmas Holiday Rates. Tickets good between all stations of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company east of the Ohio River will be on sale at ticket offices of that Company from December 24th to 26th, inclusive, and from December 31st to January 2d, inclusive, good to return until January 3d. nelnsive. For more detailed information anply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent.